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Communications.

Notes on the "Far West."

NO. II.

CORSIKANNA, TEXAS.

Messrs. Editors: Leaving this small village, we took a north-western direction to go to Fort Worth, some eighty miles distant. We spent two days at Corsicana, where we made a few excursions in search of game. I was particularly anxious to see what the people here call the "mole-eared" rabbit. The proper name is the mustang rabbit. To see one no person would be blamed for making them of some relation to the mole. They are a size larger than our common rabbit, with ears nearly as long as their bodies. They are celebrated for their fleetness, and it is said that no four-footed animal is able to overtake them. They live upon the high prairies, and it is impossible to drive them to the timber. It is the same with the antelope—they will run and be caught before they make the effort to conceal themselves. A few miles on we began to ascend the high prairies, and for miles it appeared that we were rising, and I suppose we were, but to look back it appeared perfectly level. This is only a delusion peculiar to the country. We came at length to the highest part, and then the view was magnificent. Far out upon the illimitable expanse we could see farm-houses like small specks, with the apparent small farms situated close beside them. This seems the prevailing system, to build the house on as high a place as possible, and then the farm is placed immediately adjoining it. It is certainly pleasant in the summer, but when the cold northerner blows his chilling blast, it must be severe. It appears that they have no reliance for a shade, for I have never seen a shade tree planted near any of their houses. The greatest difficulty appears to be, to get their farms fenced in, and I was much at a loss to know where they did procure timber; but they bring it sometimes a great distance. Their houses in these large prairies are of a very plain structure. In many places they have their lumber conveyed one hundred and fifty miles, which would cause a good house to be very costly.

We came into Ellis county after leaving Navarro, and were well pleased with it. We found the best water in this county, and some of as good prairie lands as can be found in any county. This and Collin counties have a good reputation abroad, and they well deserve it. They are better suited for stock raising than any that I saw both cattle and sheep. A great many horses are also raised in Ellis. We came to a house upon the road where the owner had just closed a sale, and had sold a lot of three hundred head, and I believe he had as many more unsold. The lot was purchased by a North Carolinian, who paid fifty dollars per head. Cattle stock can be obtained for about six dollars each, while beefs sell at from fifteen to eighteen dollars each. The most profitable business, I learn, in Western Texas is sheep raising, and which now is making fortunes for those who are giving it their attention. Mr. Kendall's report shows that persons engaged in this business realize the first year forty and afterwards seventy and eighty per cent. on their capital, which you see is an excellent business. This is certainly a wool-growing country. We found some excellent spring water in Ellis county, and at the county seat we found a spring which supplies the entire village. This town (Waxahatchie) is situated on a small stream of the same name, and is a flourishing little place. It was at this place that "Judge Lynch" administered summary justice upon a few renegades about a year since, which incident I will relate, as told to me by a responsible man and a man who now stands at the head of the legal profession in that place.

It appears a certain man, not wishing to make a living by honorable means, conspired with two or three negroes to fire the village, and in the confusion rob some two or three houses. He was detected and arrested in the first attempt, and the citizens immediately tied him up and gave him five hundred lashes, and he was ordered to leave the state. He did not do so, but obtained the assistance of a large number of horse-thieves and other such characters, and boldly rode into town

one evening and warned the people that they would be on hand the next morning, and intended to kill some four or five particular persons. The citizens took warning and armed themselves and proceeded next morning to meet them, and a battle was fought and the renegades defeated. Two men were found dead upon the field. Such high-handed proceedings are not uncommon in many parts of this country. This is said to be a very healthy place, there being only two doctors living in it, and one of them does scarcely any practice.

We again ascended the high prairies and had some fine views of distant farms. We passed what is termed Cedar Hill, where there is a high cedar bluff extending many miles from north to south, from whose top our eyes wearily sought a resting point, but found none—nothing but earth and sky meeting in the far distance. From these bluffs cedar is taken a great distance for different purposes. A day's journey farther brought us to the Cross Timbers. This feature of the country is exceedingly strange. It is a natural woods, extending over a hundred miles from north to south, being some six to ten miles wide. If these prairies were once covered with water, this could not have been an island, for the land was much lower than the neighboring prairies. Having been in the open country, it now seemed it would suffocate us. By a careless drive, we here broke an axle of our wagon, which, fortunately was not so fatal, but that we could lie up and go to the next village. These Cross Timbers are a great resort for game, and while our mules were grazing I took my gun and within fifteen minutes returned with a number of young turkeys. Dr. Neal declares them to have been tame or domestic turkeys, but it is not the case. I have too vivid a recollection of killing a neighbor's domestic ducks for wild ones, for which I got a very severe reprimand. It was now only ten miles to Fort Worth, and we were all solicitous to make the point. We came within sight of the fort or village nearly six miles distant. Oh! how long and tedious the miles seemed to be. We crossed the Sulphur a few miles from town, where were some good springs of water. Court was in session again, and many persons were in town. We here intended to take a rest of a day or two, and had our mules stalled and betook ourselves to a Hotel, and had dinner served up a little after the fashion of home. It was delicious after being confined to the monotonous fare from our bread-box and frying-pan for three weeks. This is the most flourishing town in Western Texas. The people seem to be a go-ahead people, and the houses are fashionable, a great many of them being built of brick. They have some eight or ten dry goods stores, one very popular grocery, two hotels, with a number of shops, &c. The Trinity passes near the place, on which is one of the finest flouring mills I have ever seen. The owners are no doubt realizing a fine profit, as it seldom ceases to grind day or night. We here again indulged in one of the finest baths any limpid stream can offer. I did not see any church in this town, and it is my impression they have no Sabbath out here. The candidates for the Legislature were speaking when we arrived, but being much fatigued we did not hear them—still we heard as much of politics as we wished.

Some sixty or seventy miles from this is the country where the Comanche Indians have lately troubled the whites. We saw several families who had fled from their homes in Jack county, and they give a distressing account of the state of affairs. This being the farthest point of our journey, we directed our course a little towards home, intending to travel through the northern part of the State. The second day we came to Dallas, in Dallas county, which has the appearance of much refinement, and of a business place. It is situated in the Cross Timbers, and the streets are very unpleasant, being very sandy. I believe there are two papers issued here. Our route lay through Collin county, H. McKinney, the county seat. I described this county in my last letter, but probably neglected to state that it is badly watered. After leaving Dallas, we found no more good water until we came to Cass. I never before knew what it was to want a cool draught, and I would have freely given a V for a gourd

of spring water. We managed occasionally to beg a drink of warm water, which had been hauled three or four miles from some mud hole, or hog wallow, and which seemed only to increase our thirst. Our mules had to suffer often, but they, like the cattle in this country, received nourishment from the grass. Some teamsters informed me that their oxen often did without water for three and four days together. We had a small keg with us that we filled and carried with us, which was of great use. We traveled, I learn, on the road which has the least water upon it. After leaving Collin we passed through a portion of Grayson, and then into Fannin. These three counties seemed to be very much alike, of rich soil and with fine grass. A great many cattle raised in these counties, but we did not see many of them, as they were where they could get water. The next county was Lamar, bordering on the "Nation," divided from it by Red River. Paris, the capital of the county, is, I suspect, the prettiest town in Texas. It is situated in the woods, and contains some of the prettiest residences I ever saw. It is also the largest town in the northern part, containing three thousand inhabitants. There are some fine institutions of learning here, and what is interesting to me and such as I am, is, that it contains two hundred young ladies who, they said, i. e. some persons said, could be provoked to marry. Young men, marrying young men, are in great demand. I have selected this village as my future residence, but not from the above inducements. We traveled through some very good country after we left Paris, but still void of water. We found some excellent water on the Sulphur and Whiteoak streams. Our intention was to pass through Jefferson, and in that direction we came upon the timber country much sooner. The rest of the journey seemed to be the most oppressive, for we had now left those treeless plains. Jefferson is the head of navigation from New Orleans up Red River, or more properly of a lake from that river. It is a place of great importance to Western Texas, but not so much so as Shreveport. Boats can get there only at certain seasons. One day's travel from here brought us home, fatigued and well satisfied generally.

I am not prepared to pass an opinion as to the best portion of Texas, for those who should come to this country, as I have not seen the lands on the Brazos, which are said to be the best in the State for farming. I traveled over sixteen counties, and all of the prairie lands appear to be of a character rich enough for the farmer, if other circumstances were favorable. The greatest difficulties are the want of water, a market, and timber. The prices of the lands differ a great deal. In Navarro and some other places good prairie lands could be bought for two dollars. A capitalist could realize a fortune in a few years by purchasing lands, since the projected railroads are destined to enhance the value of the land. It is also true, that the western country is subject to droughts, but their effects are not fatal. A gentleman in Fort Worth informed me that they could make good corn there with but one rain to start it to growing. I felt inclined to doubt the statement, when he said the ground would be so dry it would crack open four inches between the corn-rows, and that he could dig eight feet before coming to moist earth, while they seldom have any dew. It is no doubt a peculiar country, and Texas is a great country.

VIATOR.

Powellton, Texas.

On going to bed, put a few crumbs of a cheese in your mouth, and lay with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

"Free Banking"—making particularly free with the funds of the depositors.

"They can because they believe they can." In how many cases does this old classical motto hold good.

An envious man repines as much at the manner in which his friends live as if he maintained them.

Disputation does not apprehend divine things, but holiness of life and prayer.

Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

Poetry.

Spirit-Flowers.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young child stood by its mother's side,
Watching the shining mold
Of a grave, fresh scooped from old graveside.
By a sexton gray and old;
"And why do they bury us, mother dear,
Down in the Earth so cold?"
She asked, as she gazed at the grave fresh
scooped.
By the sexton gray and old.
"The Earth is not cold, my darling child,"
Softly the mother said;
"Its bosom is warm, and to sleep and rest,
Gently we bury the dead;
Its bosom is warm, my darling child,
And under the sun and shower,
The soul will rise from its quiet sleep
A beautiful bud or flower."
"And angels will bear it up, my child,
Into the Heaven above,
Never again to drop or die."
But bloom in the light of love:
The sun's warm rays and the shining dew
Are shapes of an angel hand,
Who, sent to gather the Spirit-flowers,
Over the grave turf stand.
And silent, the young child answered not,
But knew from that blessed hour,
Why she had gazed and wondered so much
At every beautiful flower:
And ever in after years the breath
Of the flowers was sweeter far—
"The sun's warm rays and the shining dew,
Over the shining star."

Miscellaneous.

The Two Sabbath Keepers.

"George, what book have you here?"
"One of D'Aubigne's, father."
"Put it up, my son; take your Bible;
it is the holy Sabbath."

"Oh! but father this is so good!
it tells of the Reformation, of Christians,
and persecutions; I am so much
interested in it."

"Put it up, my son, it is God's holy
day; take your Bible, or your hymn-
book, or else sit still and think; it is
distracting to the mind to read such
things."

"Oh! father, I—"
"Mind me, sir."

There was no appeal from this sternly
spoken command, so George, with a
hasty step, flushed face, and with an
angry heart, put up his favorite vol-
ume, but he would not take the Bible.
Instead he hurried to a sofa in a dis-
tant part of the room and threw him-
self upon it, sullen, thinking ungen-
erous thoughts of his father. "He did
not care anything about reading!" he
said mentally, but passionately, "he
never read history, & don't know how
good it is, nor how much one learns.
I think it's hateful in him to make me
sit here dumb and stupid—that I do—
and I won't read the Bible, for he
never explains it to me. Oh dear, I
wish I could go to sleep."

Mr. Allen had looked round once to
see if his son was obeying him, and
merely remarking, "don't leave that
place, sir," he threw his silk-hanker-
chief over his face and slept.

It was a warm summer day. The
windows were all open, and through
two of them the harbor in the garden
looked very cool and inviting. "If I
had only gone out there with my book,"
grumbled the boy, "he never would
have seen me, and I know it's no
wrong to read D'Aubigne. I mean
to ask the minister."

Just then there was a great noise.
In came little Archy with the kitten
and a pasteboard box. Kitty was run-
ning in great glee, so was Archy.—
Their noise awakened Mr. Allen.

"What is that?" he cried sternly.
"Me and kit, father; see, kit is rid-
ing me to church; get up, you cat,"
and away they galloped again.

"Stop that, you wicked boy! un-
harness the kitten, or I shall whip
you severely. Bad boy, do you know
it's the holy Sabbath."

"Kitty was sittin' still, and I to-
ok," cried Archy, pointing, as he stood
looking intent on the kitten, "taint
wicked."

"Take the kitten out," cried Mr.
Allen, springing up from his chair,
"and after that come here and sit on
this stool, and if you stir, I will whip
you severely, sir—Oh! the inborn
wickedness of children!" he cried and
groaning to himself, "they hate good-
ness. I can't make them comprehend
that this is the Lord's day."

A sweet voice was heard singing in
the next room, and softly the words
floated on the air—"He doeth all
things well."

"Catharine!" cried Mr. Allen.

A young girl appeared.

"Catharine, are you singing a song?"

"I was singing, 'He doeth all things
well,' father," she was rather timid
reply.

"This isn't the question; was't you
singing a song?"

"I believe, sir, it is thought some-
thing of a sacred song. I love it very
much."

"The carnal mind loves all such
things," replied Mr. Allen, testily.
"I wish Catharine, you would reserve
your songs for the rest of the week."

"This is the Lord's day! you are not
even to think your own thoughts—
Go sing. 'Broad is the road that leads
to death.' I believe you are all in it
—Oh, dear!"

Catharine disappeared, but no sweet
sounds and tender sentiments, sooth-
ing or hallowed came from the other

room; all was silent, while George
said to himself, "How father does
grumble on the Sabbath! Seems to me
he loves to scold most on that day. I
wonder if that is keeping it?" and lit-
tle Archy, twisting himself like an eel
on the low seat appointed him, stretch-
ing his mouth, pulling his ears and
yawning began at last to picking out
the pink threads of his frock, and mak-
ing out of them a mat.

"I wonder where Mary is?" thought
George to himself, "Oh! dear I'm so
tired."

Mary, alas, was perched up in a
hot garret next to a pane of glass set
in the roof, reading a long-hidden
book, unwholesome as the damps of
the charnel house, and destructive of
all morality.

"Father, mayn't I walk in the gar-
den a little?" asked George, humbly.
His father had finished his nap, and
was now moving to and fro humming a
snatch of some psalm tune.

"No, sir, how often have I forbid-
den you to ask me? Next thing you'll
be desiring to go to the woods, and
then to the river with fishing lines and
tackle. I wish my children were like
Major's across the way. They are
always cheerful and pleasant on the
Sabbath and seem to love the day."

"But, sir, Mr. Major talks to them
and he does not—"

"Silence, sir, no reflections; I am
sorry I have such a disobedient boy—
now go and get ready for church; the
bells are ringing."

Glad to escape, George hurried a-
way to his room, and Archy followed
him to show a ruined frock—the re-
sult of activity wrongly employed—to
an invalid mother.

Let us step across the road and en-
ter this pleasant household. The fam-
ily are most of them in the sitting-
room. Ella Major is pouring over a
book which she holds out of sight; Min-
nie sits at the piano just touching the
keys softly. Henry is lounging, the
mother and father occupied with a re-
ligious newspaper.

Suddenly Mr. Major looks up, and
notices the absorbed attention of his
youngest daughter.

"Well, Ella, what interests you so
much, dear?"

The little girl blushed, but answer-
ed ingeniously, "Oh! papa, it is Rob-
inson Crusoe. Sarah lent it to me
yesterday, and it is so beautiful."

"Yes, dear, a very pleasant and en-
tertaining book; still, perhaps my
daughter could read something more
profitable and better to-day."

The child looked earnestly towards
him and smiled.

"If you think best, father, I will
read something else."

"I do think, as this day is set apart
to the worship of God, your little Bi-
ble might be profitably studied."

"Will you explain to me, father?"
"Yes, dear."

Ella laid aside her little book gen-
tly, and with little apparent regret ap-
plied herself to her Bible, sure of her
father's sympathy and assistance, if
she need it.

"Henry, my son, you are very rest-
less."

"Yes, father, I am thoroughly tired
of nothing to do. My head aches
if I read."

"Well, my son, you had better
walk a little way. Take the road
round by the river, and when you re-
turn, tell us how many evidences of
God's goodness you have seen. You
need a little exercise, and you have
been a good boy to-day."

"Minnie, my child, why don't you
play something and sing? I should
like very much to hear 'Mary at the
Saviour's tomb.'"

"The little girl delighted that she
had requested the music, sang the sa-
cred song sweetly, and the rest listen-
ed in approving silence."

"Now that other favorite of mine:
'He doeth things well'—that is most
beautiful melody."

So soothingly the music fell upon
the air at the close of that calm Sab-
bath day, it seemed as if the angels
too were listening. Mr. Majors sim-
pling to his wife, said softly, "Thank
God!" Her eyes were filled with hap-
py tears. It was not yet six months
since one of their little ones had gone
home, and this song filled their hearts
with the tenderest emotions.

All was silent, when a loud peal of
laughter was heard in the back part
of the house. In another minute, in
ran Ally, dressed up in his father's
morning gown, a pair of spectacles
on his nose.

"My dear," said Mr. Major, grave-
ly. That was all—nobody smiled.
Ally looked around in great confusion
—threw off the dress and ran, head
down, towards his father's open arms.

"I think we can do something bet-
ter than dress up in that ridiculous
fashion to-day; don't you, Ally?" asked
Mr. Major.

"Yes, sir," the little fellow said, in
a subdued voice, still nestling his cur-
ly head in his father's arms. In a
quiet, soothing voice the father told
the story of little Samuel, illustrating
in its course the sweet obedience of
the holy child, and above all his re-
gard for God and his appointed obli-
gations. Oh this was much better
than rebuke, and the boy, young as
he was, felt it, and learned a lesson he
would not soon forget.

The bells were ringing—Henry had
returned, looking fresh and glowing.
The girls were all prepared for meet-
ing.

"Well, my children, have you pass-
ed a pleasant Sabbath?" asked the fa-
ther.

"Beaming eyes and ready lips an-
swered."

A Prince Consort.

When at a Royal banquet, handsome
Prince Albert, of Saxe Cobourg-Gotha,
received in the shape of a rose, the
first public intimation from the youth-
ful Victoria Regina, that she had se-
lected him from a crowd of suitors, to
be her future husband, in the enthu-
siasm of the moment, he is said to have
seized a table knife, and cut a gash in
the breast of his coat, for the purpose
of safely depositing therein the pre-
cious love-token. It was a little touch
of German sentimentalism, which
brought a smile to the lips of many
of the distinguished guests who witnessed
the gallant exploit, and very natural-
ly formed the subject of remark sub-
sequently in Court circles and else-
where. But the honor of being the
Queen's husband, however highly cov-
eted, is not without its drawbacks.—
Queen's husbands in England are al-
ways of foreign and invariably of Ger-
man extraction. For a seign of En-
glish royalty to marry into an English
family would be to forfeit all claim to
the throne. George IV, indeed mar-
ried Mrs. Fitzherbert, but it was done
secretly, and to screen himself from
the consequences, "the first gentleman
in Europe," did not scruple to autho-
rize his friends to deny before Parlia-
ment the fact of the marriage. Had
proofs to the contrary been forthcom-
ing—and they were not very difficult
of access—it might have cost him his
crown. It cannot be said that incho-
scent Prince Albert for her consort, Vic-
toria acted unwisely. The selection of
a foreign Prince was imperative, if any
selection were made at all, and it was
equally essential that he should be a
Protestant. Her choice was, therefore,
limited—Prussia, Denmark, and Swed-
en, and some of the smaller German
principalities, being the only Protest-
ant States on the Continent of Europe.
It would have been objectionable to
bring about too close an alliance be-
tween Prussia and England, by a mar-
riage which might eventually have
placed a Prussian Prince on the En-
glish throne, and thus virtually unite
the two crowns; and, moreover there
was not at the time to which we refer
any younger member of the House of
Brandenburg of a marriageable age.
So the choice fell, as it has fallen for
the last two centuries, upon one of
those petty German sovereignties with
which English royalty claims cousin-
ship. But however highly Prince Al-
bert may appreciate the honor of such
an alliance, his position exacts from
him certain sacrifices which, to a man
of ability and independence of charac-
ter, cannot fail occasionally to prove
irksome. In popular opinion, and by
the provisions of the Constitution, he
is the Queen's husband and nothing
more. In matters of State policy he is
not permitted to interfere. Whatever
may be his predilections, or however
much he may desire to exercise an in-
fluence upon the government, he can
neither seek to lead, nor even to ad-
vise, without rousing at once the jeal-
ousy of the English people and incur-
ring an amount of odium from the
consequences of which not even the
well-known loyalty of the English to
their sovereign would shield him. For
the most Prince Albert has carefully
submitted to the exigencies of his po-
sition and has played his limited role
with becoming modesty. Only on two
occasions has he been suspected of a
desire to transcend his prerogatives.
During the Crimean war it was alleged
that he had attempted to assert a right
to be present at the Council of Minis-
ters, as the representative of the sov-
ereign, and that the assumption met
with a prompt rebuke from Lord Pal-
merston. It is even said that this spir-
ited action on the part of the Premier
caused a coolness to rise between the
latter and the Court, which has never
since been entirely obliterated. How-
ever this may be, the statement was
very generally believed at the time and
the indignation expressed in conse-
quence by some of the leading journal-
ists, supported as it was by public op-
inion, was at least a significant intima-
tion of the popular determination not
to permit of any intermeddling with
the affairs of government. That the
warning was not without its effect we
may very reasonably suppose from the
fact that we hear no more of Prince
Albert, in relation to political matters
until recently, when the supposed pro-
clivities of the Court party towards
Austria has again caused his action to
be closely scrutinized.

The duties required of the Prince
Consort are such as any well-bred gen-
tleman, who is blessed with a good con-
stitution might very readily perform.
It is expected of him that he shall be
a pattern husband and father, to a
model wife and mother, and in this re-
spect he has certainly not disappoint-
ed public expectation, for he has hon-
orably fulfilled his marital obligations,
and can show a goodly quiver full of
arrows. For the rest, he is to attend
the Queen on all occasions of State or

ceremony, and to assist in doing the
honors of the Royal Household. If he
wishes to make himself still more use-
ful and popular, he may have his hotel
tenanted; he may patronize Crystal
Palaces, designed for the display
of specimens of the world's industrial
progress; he may preside at agricul-
tural meetings, and instruct country
gentlemen in the art and mystery of
raising good crops and breeding fine
cattle. He may occupy the chair at
the annual gatherings of scientific as-
sociations, and may even lend the light
of his countenance to give lustre to
the turtle that graces a civic banquet.
All this he may do, and in all other
things outside of his domestic duties
he may follow the bent of his inclina-
tion. He may amuse himself with
yachting off the Isle of Wight, or with
deer stalking and grouse shooting in
the highlands of Scotland. Two things
alone are interdicted to him. He must
not flirt with Maids of Honor, and he
must not trouble himself with politics.
Both of these acts are rigidly tabooed.
But unfortunately, the human mind is
so constituted that we long for that
which we are not permitted to enjoy,
and think lightly of the pleasures of
which we are free to partake. It might
not be very difficult to observe the
stipulation concerning Maids of Hon-
or, but to be debarred from discussing
politics in the atmosphere of a Court,
and to be compelled to maintain a po-
sition of neutrality when Emperors are
contending for the mastery; to be forced
to be silent when you are anxious
to speak, and to conceal your emotion
under a veil of stolid indifference—
this it is, which makes the position of
a Prince Consort in England by no
means altogether an enviable one, and
which might even induce many a gen-
tleman of talents to decline an honor
that demands of its recipient so much
of self abnegation.—Balt. Exchange.

Monday morning—Office of Mr.
Allen.—"Sir, if it is not paid in three
days, I will strip you of everything
you possess. Scandalous to shirk an
honest debt thus."

"But, Mr. Allen, I have been ill—
my wife and—"

"Old story, old story; no more to
say, beg or borrow the money, or—
you know me."

Monday morning—Office of Mr.
Major.—"I am ashamed to ask for an
extension, Mr. Major, but I am cruel-
ly poor, just now. If you would allow
me a little more time."

"Certainly, Mr. May; I heard a gos-
pel sermon on the Golden Rule, yes-
terday. Do your best for me, and I am
content."

The prayers of a grateful man as-
cended to heaven.—N. Y. Examiner.

As a sample of the coolness of rail-
road conductors, the Harrisburg Pat-
riot and Union tells the following
story: "One of them having been
discharged from his trust, applied to
be reinstated. 'You are dismissed,'
said the superintendent austere, 'for
letting your train come twice into col-
lision.' 'The very reason,' said the other,
interrupting him, 'why I ask to be
restored.' 'How so?' 'Why, sir, if I
had any doubt before as to whether
two trains can pass each other on the
same track, I am now entirely satisfac-
ed. I have tried it twice, sir, and it
can't be done; and I am not likely
to try it again.' He regained his sit-
uation."

At a Railway station an old lady
sat to a very pompous-looking gentle-
man, who was talking about steam
communication:

"Pray, sir, what is steam?"
"Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is—
ch! ah!—steam is—steam!"

"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye,"
said a rough-looking fellow standing
by; "but steam is a bucket of water in
a tremendous perspiration."

"Well, I know nothing about men's
hair; but there is our friend Mrs. G.,
of Biddle street—the lady who has
been just twenty-nine years old for the
last fifteen years—her husband died,
you know, last winter, at which mis-
fortune her grief was so intense that
her hair turned completely black with-
in twenty-four hours after the occur-
rence of that sad event."

"When I was in Paris," says Lord
Sandwich, "I had a dancing master;
the man was very civil, and on taking
leave of him, I offered him any service
in London. 'Then,' said the man, bow-
ing, 'I should take it as a particular
favor if your Lordship would never tell
any one of whom you have learned to
dance.'"

Some one was telling an Irishman
that somebody had eaten ten spoons
of ice-cream, whereupon Pat shook his
head. "So you don't believe it? With
a shrewd nod, Pat answered, 'I believe
in the crame, but not in the spooners.'"

When Charles V. read upon the
tomb of a Spanish nobleman—"Here
lies one who never knew a fear," he
very wittily replied—"Then he never
snuffed a candle with his fingers."

With many women, going to church
is little better than looking into a bon-
net shop.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

